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BALZAC IN ENGLISH.

*Père Goriot.—Fourth Edition.**From the Boston Herald.*

"Père Goriot" is the first of a series of translations of Balzac's novels to be issued by Roberts Bros. The excellence of the translation and the attractiveness of the half-leather binding, giving a French appearance to the volume, augur well for the success of the undertaking. It is an interesting experiment, that of thus introducing Balzac to a larger circle of American readers. Not, of course, that he is unknown in America, for he has undoubtedly long come in for a full share of attention from cultivated people; but the ordinary reader of French novels who wishes simply to be amused, and is too lazy to think, finds himself, no doubt, repelled from encountering Balzac in the original. Even readers fairly well acquainted with the language shun him, or, if they attempt him, make up their minds to skip when, for example, he enters upon the minute and technical description of the art treasures of Cousin Pons, or lets himself loose in the bric-à-brac shop in *Le Peau de Chagrin*. Too much dictionary work is involved. But now that the way is so smoothed for them in this admirable translation, what will the new world of readers think of the mighty Frenchman, whom even English critics are disposed to rank as the master of their own greatest masters of fiction, and who undertook nothing less than the colossal feat of depicting society in its entirety, society as it exists in France in the nineteenth century, with the three or four thousand typical personages—"salient figures"—of the epoch? Balzac systematically classified his multitudinous novels into scenes from private, provincial, Parisian, political, military or country life, a classification explained in the preface, which, although written long after *Père Goriot*, is appropriately prefixed to the first of the series, and which sets forth his entire plan for the history and criticism of society. The daring and exhaustive mind of Balzac would perform for human society the same scientific task which Buffon undertook for zoology. No one else, he says, ever attempted to depict society, to write the vast comedy of human life; and certainly no English or American novelist ever did. Trollope, perhaps, comes nearer to giving a complete picture of the England of his time than any of his fellow-novelists; but to compare Trollope with Balzac would be almost like comparing an ordinary playwright with Shakespeare, and, moreover, Trollope wrote within the conventional lines with which English public opinion rules the copybook for novelists. It is because of the breadth of Balzac's plan, and also because he wrote for that French public which, unlike the English, excludes young girls and children, that his books are no more to be placed in the hands of boys and girls than complete works upon the anatomy and physiology of the human body. Thackeray complained that no English novelist since Fielding had been permitted to paint a man as he actually was. Every one was, as Balzac says of Scott, "forced to conform to the ideas of a public essentially hypocritical"—a sentiment, by the way, which Ouida has been echoing of late. Dismissing, however, the question whether Balzac's censure is not really praise, and whether by this so-called hypocrisy the English-speaking race does not gain more in morality than it loses in art, it is enough to remember that Balzac wrote to depict society as it is, without reserve, and society, moreover, among a people, and especially in a city, that, as Matthew Arnold says, ever inclined to an undue worship of the goddess Libricity. Balzac must always be depressing reading. He is too keen an analyst, and too merciless in his presentation of truth, to render the reader in love with his species, and, in spite of the fact that he calls the sum of his writing "*The Comedy of Human Life*," it is apt to be tragedy, and not comedy, as the word is generally understood, he gives. Yet he says that his virtuous characters outnumber the bad, and he calls especial attention by name to the large catalogues of irreproachable personages in his works. This is a point not to be overlooked in estimating his summary of the question of good and evil in the world."

The Duchesse de Langeais.

With An Episode Under the Terror, The Illustrious Gaudis art, A Passion in The Desert, and The Hidden Treasure. Third Edition.

From the New York Times.

That fidelity discoverable in the translation of "*Père Goriot*" characterizes also this second attempt of the translator. "The *Duchesse de Langeais*" in certain respects seems to us to present difficulties in translation not found in the "*Père Goriot*." In the drama of the "*Maison Vauguer*" the incidents are more striking, real, and closer to nature. The outbursts of paternal feeling adapt themselves more readily to the change of language. The appreciation of "*Père Goriot*" is then universal. That of "*La Duchesse de Langeais*," we think, would be limited. The dalliance of Antoinette, the Duchesse, who brings the stern, Leonie Armand de Montriveau within her toils, allows Balzac to discuss the subtle differences between love and passion. Antoinette, the "intellectual Lais," is a type of that rare woman, not exactly a compromise between the frank licentiousness of the times of Louis XVI and the more sternly imposed moral rule of the Revolution, but a compromise of both periods. The "Napoleonic" era was undoubtedly one of extreme profligacy, hardly checked during the Restoration. The Restoration was an epoch of hypocrisy, and Antoinette, represented as the great lady of the Parisian salon of that day, was no saint. Far from presenting any apologies for Antoinette, she combines some of the worst traits of the two periods. But as Mr. Saltus justly writes of Balzac "he has, it is true, agreeably painted the seductions of vice, but its contagious and destructive effects are vigorously exposed, and through all the struggles of his characters probity, purity, and self-denial are alone triumphant." If with enormous grasp Balzac swept on his stage all the puppets for his play of "*The Comédie Humaine*," he could not exclude "the culpable groups."

"*La Duchesse de Langeais*" was written in 1833 and belonged to that series which Balzac called "*Histoire des Treize*," or the "*History of the Thirteen*." Balzac fancied that if a certain number of men would only combine to accomplish anything all became possible. If conflicting testimony can be reconciled it looks as if Gozlan, Jan, de Nerval, Karr, de Cassagnac, even the philosophic Jules Sandeau, joined Honoré de Balzac in this impracticable scheme. We are to believe, however, that all these writers wanted to do was to launch some journal, but Balzac, with his impetuosity, really did think that with this pressure the hard nut of the world could be cracked and the kernel extracted. Practically Balzac always was a failure. Theoretically his work was quite perfect. This silent work of the Thirteen he develops in "*Ferragus*," "*La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*," and in "*La Duchesse de Langeais*." Ordinary men handling machinery of this kind would have resorted to claptrap. You would have smelled the oil on the cogwheels and heard their whirrings. It is only a consummate artist like Balzac who could run this mechanism to such perfection that it never grated, and the final effect seemed possible. Perhaps more in "*The Duchesse de Langeais*" than in other of Balzac's works may be found how difficult it is to fall into unison with some slight incident, which once touched men's or women's souls. In the heyday of her youth and beauty Antoinette has played for Armand "*La Fleuve du Tage*," a time-worn ballad, dear to the world some half century or more ago. When the Duchesse, broken-hearted at Montriveau's having left her, seeks refuge in a convent of Carmelites, on a rocky island near the coast of Spain, it is as Sister Theresa she plays on the organ. Montriveau, a General of France, has sought Antoinette the world over. He cannot find her. She is lost to him. He loves her still. He listens to the music. In the *Te Deum*, the French General recognizes "a French soul in the character which the music suddenly took on." Antoinette does not know who is listening. She must be thinking of the other time, for there floats through the church the vague echo of a tender and melancholy air, "*La Fleuve du Tage*," "a ballad whose prelude he had often heard in Paris in the boudoir of the woman he had loved, and which this nun now used to express, amid the joys of the conquerors, the sufferings of an exiled heart." Poor old Fleuve! You have run your course; long ago dropped into the sea of oblivion and are quite lost, so true is it what Oliver Goldsmith said: "They say women and music should never be dated."

The translation is excellent. Such exceptions as could be made are quite immaterial. To translate Balzac, even with the utmost familiarity with French, is a most difficult task. The requisite quality of being in exact sympathy with the most remote *jeu* of all romancers is a necessity, and this the present translator of his works seems to possess. This appreciation cannot be manufactured, for it must extend to the minutest details, for "in the veins of Balzac's characters there is not a drop of ink."

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THE ART OF PHEIDIAS.*

Of all the Greek sculptors, Pheidias was the greatest. He lived at a time, just after the struggle with Persia, when the Greek life throbbed with fresh impulses, felt the stirring of latent powers before unrecognized, and woke to new ambitions. Almost by a single leap, the Athenian state had risen to a dazzling height of power and glory. At its head stood Pericles, a man of great breadth of view, refinement of taste, of tact and determination in the carrying out of his designs. He formed the project of making Athens the most beautiful city of Greece. The main responsibility of giving this plan concrete shape in the construction of artistic monuments was conferred upon Pheidias, in whom already had been perceived genius of a high order. Inspired by the spirit of his time to the forming of grand and noble conceptions, encouraged at every step by the appreciative taste of his patrons, and having at his command vast public

resources, Pheidias brought the Greek plastic art to its highest perfection. Of his life, however, little is known with certainty. If tradition is to be trusted, his later years were clouded with troubles, brought upon him by the jealousy and hatred of the fickle people for whom he had done so much, who sought by dishonoring him to injure Pericles. The earlier works of Pheidias, of which the colossal Athene Promachos on the Acropolis was the most famous, have all perished. From what is known of them they do not seem to have been entirely free from the faults of his predecessors. It was in the maturity of his powers that he freed himself from the trammels of the past and wrought the gold and ivory statue of Athene Parthenos, together with the decorative sculptures of the Parthenon, and that crowning master work of ancient art, the Olympian Zeus. Of these and many other artistic creations, fragments of the metopes, frieze, and pediment figures of the Parthenon alone remain.

Mr. Waldstein's essays on the art of Pheidias are not intended to be a mere summary of all that is known or surmised about Pheidias. To an extent rare among books, this is an original work. It has an important bearing upon the study of Greek art in general. Of the nine essays, the first treats of the province, aim and methods of the study of archaeology; the second, of the spirit of the art of Pheidias in its relation to his age, life and character; the third, fourth and fifth are concerned with the metopes and pediments of the Parthenon; the sixth and seventh discuss the Parthenon frieze, particularly the figure of Athene and the central slab of the east division; the eighth presents some observations upon the construction and effect of ancient gold and ivory statues, particularly the Athene Parthenos; the ninth traces the influence of the art of Pheidias upon the style of the Attic sepulchral reliefs. By way of appendix are added four papers, previously published, which in interest and value are by no means second to the essays; they treat of Pythagoras of Region and the early athletic statues, Praxiteles and the Hermes with the infant Dionysos, the influence of the athletic games upon Greek art, the eastern pediment of the temple of Zeus at Olympia and the western pediment of the Parthenon. The volume is worthy of attention for three reasons: it is the best example of the correct application of right archaeological method accessible to those who read only English; it presents the results of original investigations and sets forth several striking discoveries; and it casts new light

* ESSAYS ON THE ART OF PHEIDIAS. By Charles Waldstein, M.A., Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum and Reader of Classical Archaeology in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

upon the relations of Greek art to the Greek civilization.

Ever since Lessing startled the world of culture by his 'Laocöon,' the subject of archaeology has more and more asserted for itself a distinct place in the study of antiquity. Previously, indeed, effort had been made to illustrate and explain the monuments of antiquity by means of the references to them in ancient authors; but men had not yet learned to set them at their true value as interpreters of the past, to make them tell their own story. Within the last half century the whole process of investigation has been revolutionized. The method of comparative study, of induction in the broadest sense, has been rigidly applied in the working over of classic texts, the sifting of historic statements, the examination of ancient monuments. Systematic excavations, moreover, in several parts of the ancient world have presented new material for investigation and generalization. Thus our knowledge of the civilizations of Greece and Rome is being wrought over in accordance with the best established principles of scientific method. Archaeology, the study of ancient monuments, has escaped from the bondage of philology and risen to the dignity of a co-ordinate branch, proceeding according to its own applications of critical method, establishing independent conclusions, and uniting with its sister studies in the endeavor to present a complete picture of the past. Already in this way results of the highest importance have been obtained. Probably we of to-day have fuller and more accurate knowledge of the Greeks of the Homeric age than had the contemporaries of Plato or Demosthenes. Yet archaeology is only in its infancy. One who has examined even superficially the remains of ancient art and life in the European museums realizes how little is really known about them. By the noting of similarities and differences, by the grasping of generalizations regarding characteristics, by the bringing of related facts and monuments face to face, by the concentrating of light from all sources upon a single obscure point, the known may be made to draw out the secret of the unknown and the bounds of our knowledge of antiquity greatly extended. For the development of the principles of archaeology and for the partial reconstruction of ancient life already accomplished, the world is largely indebted to the Germans. To them Mr. Waldstein is under great obligations, particularly to Stark, Brunn, and Overbeck. But in original investigations he has made brilliant use of the method so thoroughly mastered; and now, as director of the splendid Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge and as reader in the University, he is doing a work of momentous significance for English scholarship in training others.

Mr. Waldstein's discoveries cannot be more than mentioned here. The most important are, first, the identification of a stray head in the Louvre with a lapith of one of the Parthenon metopes in the British Museum; a cast of the head was found to fit the mutilated figure perfectly, and the metope thus completed ranks among the finest that remain. Second, the recognition of a supposed Apollo as an athlete, probably by Pythagoras of Region, of whom no work was thought to have come down to us. Third, the discovery among some terra-cotta fragments in the Louvre of a part of a plaque containing a relief of the Athene of the Parthenon frieze; fragments of like character have since been recognized at the Museo Kirchiriano at Rome and at Copenhagen. Mr. Waldstein presents also several new and well sustained interpretations of various figures in the pediments and frieze of the Parthenon. His accounts of his own work are modest and reveal the true scientific spirit, which places everything else second to truth itself. His reasoning is close, but easily followed, for, considering the nature of the subject and the material handled, his literary style is unusually felicitous. He has the rare faculty of being learned without being tedious.

The author's discussion of the spirit and characteristics of the art of Pheidias, as well as the observations upon Greek art in general scattered through the essays, are highly suggestive and of permanent value. No writer has shown deeper insight into the ancient Greek character, or brought out more clearly its æsthetic mould and tendencies. Not all will sympathize with him when, in unfolding the reasons of the development of Greek art, he attributes so great influence to external causes; still, he does not by any means carry this as far as Buckle and Taine. The book as a whole deserves to be considered the most important work having to do with Greek sculpture that has yet appeared in English. It may be of interest to state that the author, already well-known to readers of the "Century," is an American by birth and a graduate of Columbia college.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

ROPES'S NAPOLEON.*

The unbiased history of one who enacted so gigantic a role as Napoleon I. cannot well be written until the children of the men who fought under or against him have passed away. Jomini has gauged the Emperor's worth as a soldier in a fashion never to be equalled. But as a monarch, statesman, citizen, man, he has been hitherto measured by a

* THE FIRST NAPOLEON. A Sketch, Political and Military. By John Codman Ropes, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. With Maps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

standard of unreasoning, if not wilful, misrepresentation, or by one of fulsome eulogy.

Putting aside the deification of the Little Corporal by the masses of the French as a natural ebullition of the national love of glory, it is difficult to understand why English writers should to-day continue to treat Napoleon solely as the embodiment of wickedness. "Boney" still plays the part of black bogey to English children, still figures as the loyal Briton's evil genius. He can have done nothing well. He can have been nothing good. The muse of history, with her modern training, need not conceal the shortcomings of Napoleon. They were too grave not to be universally admitted. But the two sides from which to view every historical figure—personal character and life's work,—should each have due weight.

Napoleon was as legitimately the outcome of the French Revolution as our own Constitution was of ours. We built upon a solid basis of inherited intelligence. The French structure was reared on the rotten foundation of the ignorance of ages. Anarchy, pure and simple, can never last long. There was not sufficient education in France for rule by the people. It was merely a question of who should seize the reins. The Revolution overthrew the rule of the privileged classes; it began a new era; but it left no healthy scheme of government to take its place. Bonaparte, happily for France, elbowed his way to the head of affairs, and, in the "Code Napoleon," first gave to a modern Latin race the recognition of every man's equality before the law. Admitted that he may have done this, not because he was by nature a philanthropist, not because the sorrows of the down-trodden appealed to his sense of justice, but because his sudden rise had made him characteristically the opponent of the existing customs of Europe. Admitted that his motives were selfish, and that he saw in this course alone the means of erecting a new Empire to which he could urge no other claim. The fact remains that he did do this thing; and he thus became the chief factor in preserving to the countries which fell under his rule, in a definite form, and to all of their neighbors as an aspiration, that for which the French masses rose in their horrible might in 1789.

Mr. Ropes's book consists of the Lowell lectures delivered by him in Boston in March, 1885. He disclaims the writing of a new history, but indicates the lines upon which a new history might be written. He gives us some broad military criticism, but does not deal in the detail of Napoleon's campaigns. The ever-new drama of Waterloo alone is prominently sketched. The interest of this study centres in his insistence on Napoleon's value in moulding the chaotic ideas of the

new departure into a definite form. Napoleon's scheme was by no means, as the English still aver, the conquest of Europe. He was not so weak as to believe it possible to do this, still less to cement the heterogeneous mass into one durable empire. His aim was to erect in Western Europe a confederation based on such liberal laws as, contrasted with the despotic rule of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, should preserve the balance of power in the hands of France and enable her to keep what she had won with so much blood. The basis of this liberality was the Code. The English assertion that Napoleon was not a jurist, that others made the Code, is puerile. Napoleon caused it to be made. He stamped upon it much of his own individuality. And this Code was such as to outlive the Empire, and even to struggle through the restoration. This alone is enough to stamp its author one of the benefactors of mankind.

Mr. Ropes devotes, perhaps unnecessarily, some space to showing that Napoleon was not naturally a cruel man; that his slaughter of so many thousands in his wars had nothing to do with a personal lack of humanity. But he does very properly contrast such a wanton act as Nelson's hanging Admiral Caraccioli from the yard-arm, in clear contravention of the terms of the capitulation of Naples, or even Wellington's failure to protest against the execution of Ney, a direct violation of the convention of Paris, with Napoleon's seizure and the execution of the duc d'Enghien. Nor does Napoleon suffer by the comparison. The one act by no means palliates the other; but it shows the turbulence of the times.

In discussing his campaigns, Mr. Ropes brings out strongly the fact that, as a soldier, Napoleon was a gambler, and that he often subordinated the result to be obtained to the technical perfection of his military art. However we may admire the ideal completeness of a campaign when this contributes to the result, the equities of war dictate that the ultimate practical ends alone shall be the guiding rule of the commander of an army. Perhaps this gambling spirit is the worst flaw in Napoleon's character.

Mr. Ropes does not pretend to exonerate Napoleon for his course in Spain. What he had done in Italy and Western Germany was justified by the striving of the people for better government, and by their eager acceptance of what he really gave them. But to force upon the Spanish people even a better system than their own, was clearly unjustifiable; though indeed it would have been well for Spain to have accepted the new régime. And his defeat in the Peninsula was a prime cause of Napoleon's eventual failure. The divorce of Josephine is condemned on moral grounds,

the act being unextenuated by the existing political necessity for an heir to the throne of France.

Mr. Ropes shows, with some acumen, that Napoleon was by no means the attacking party in most of his wars, and argues from this that he was consistent in his endeavors to liberalize Europe. But surely Napoleon was the constant disturbing element—the man whose restless existence alone was a continuing threat to the established order of things; and Mr. Ropes frankly admits that he was unable, even for the good of France, to accept personal mortification. This is instanced in his refusing to buy off Austria from the triple coalition in 1813, and in his refusal of peace on fair terms after Leipsic. The character of Emperor and Frenchman was liable to be lost in that of soldier, and a gambling soldier at that.

In 1815, Napoleon's clearly defined policy should have been to conduct a defensive campaign. Home politics should have been kept in the background until success had come to justify his return from Elba. "France, at this crisis of her fate, needed a Frederic rather than a Napoleon. With a man of the iron temper of the king who carried his country through the seven years' war, France would have maintained her independence." This tribute to the last of the kings is just and gracious.

In the campaign of Waterloo, Napoleon's mind was no doubt as unclouded as at any period of his career. But his body had no longer that elasticity which enabled him in his early fields to rely so largely upon himself for his knowledge of the situation. Perhaps the fact that he did not absolutely ascertain the direction of the Prussian retreat after Ligny, and thus divided his army, was the proximate cause of his defeat.

Too many diverse authorities are agreed in ascribing to Napoleon great weaknesses of character; too many contemporary diaries describe acts and quote expressions of his for us to doubt that the Emperor was indeed a man of failings as marked as his talents. But much of the perverseness of his nature was called to the surface by his being of necessity the antagonist of all that Europe had inherited from the dark ages, and a view of what he really accomplished may lead us to look with more forgiveness upon his vices than upon those of princes whose asserted divine right should have crowned them with virtues to which Napoleon could make no claim so exalted. To view history from a standpoint of strict morality is well. But there are few of the agents in the upward progress of mankind not open to censure on some score. Perfect men have never done the world's work.

Our American ideas are still apt to be warped by the English perversion of everything Napoleonic. While it is not worth while to notice

gratuitous affronts to his personal character, it cannot be denied that Napoleon, politically, gave France much; that he took nothing from her liberties; that every country which ever came under his rule benefitted by that rule; and that the strength of what he built was the prime reason that the liberty gained by the Revolution was not sooner swallowed up in the restoration of the Bourbons. The results of our own Civil War will lead us to appreciate the fact that even the fearful drain of men and material to which his wars subjected France may perhaps not have been all too great a price to pay for what Napoleon gave her.

No such crisp resumé of this question has been put in print. In Mr. Ropes's discussions, the lawyer's even-handedness has kept in check the intense admiration for the great soldier which, as one of the best read military critics of the day, he naturally harbors. The public is indebted to this sketch for leaven which may haply aid to leaven the whole lump. Its pages teem with suggestiveness, and though one may not agree with all Mr. Ropes's conclusions, there is food for reflection in every one of his pages.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

A NATURALIST IN THE TROPICS.*

Naturalists and hunters who, like Nick Bottom, hold lions and other animals to be "wild fowl," or, in other words, creatures which are made to be shot, can find nowhere else such "happy hunting grounds" as those which may be found in the tropical regions of the Old World. Such royal game is not indeed so abundant in many of those regions as it once was. When Lord Cornwallis was Governor General of India in 1789, it is said that one-third of the territory of the Bengal Presidency was a jungle inhabited only by wild beasts. As the inhabitants forsook their isolated hamlets, and drew closer towards a common centre, the wild beasts pressed hungrily upon their rear. The historian writing of that period says that "a belt of jungle filled with wild beasts which multiplied exceedingly formed round each village. There were not only tigers, but wild elephants which were restless, lifting off roofs, pushing down walls, trampling a village under foot as if it were a city of sand that a child had built upon the shore." But between those troubled times and the present, waste lands have been reclaimed, an orderly population has taken the place of a lawless one, and the wild beasts, reduced greatly in numbers, have been driven into the remoter jungles, and those less accessible to the hunter. Thither hunters in pursuit

* TWO YEARS IN A JUNGLE. The Experiences of a Hunter and Naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo. By William T. Hornaday. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of sport, and naturalists devoted to science and seeking specimens for museums, must follow them. It is a rare thing for any American of either class to brave the hardships and the perils of the jungle for either purpose.

But Mr. William T. Hornaday, the author of "Two Years in a Jungle," is a genuine American whom no English sportsmen have ever surpassed as a crack shot, or as a man of courage, endurance, and resource. His literary style is not of the best; it is, indeed, marred by many blemishes which disfigure a work otherwise admirable. He is a quick and keen observer, an expert and an enthusiast in natural science, an eager and confident sportsman who is as much at home in the jungle as the wild beasts whose skeletons or whose hides he makes the trophies of his skill, an ardent lover of nature whose delight in her scenes makes him indifferent to exposures, hardships and perils of climate, and a writer whose narrative of what he does and descriptions of what he sees are always interesting and sometimes fascinating.

Mr. Hornaday is now the chief taxidermist of the U. S. National Museum. He went forth on his long hunting expedition as a collector for the large Natural Science Establishment of Prof. Ward of Rochester, N. Y. At the outset he seems to have lacked one essential part of his necessary equipment, for, in describing his voyage out, he confesses that he was subject to severe attacks of "the blues." To an English lady whom he met he was indebted for a correct diagnosis of his disease, and for a remedy which wrought a complete and permanent cure. Both are worthy of mention: "Diagnosis:—The blues are caused by envy and selfishness. Remedy:—When attacked, go to work vigorously to promote the happiness of those around you, and thereby forget yourself."

Landing in Bombay, our American naturalist stops in his journey to see, and in his narrative to describe, this great city. He is much impressed with the Hindoo reverence for life, as one who goes forth "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against all denizens of the jungle might well be. He tells us how the Hindoos eat before sunset, lest by making a light they might cause the death of some foolish moth or gnat; how they do not kill even mosquitoes, fleas, or lice; and how, when a man finds a louse upon himself he either permits him to dine *not* "sparely on sic a place," or else places him tenderly upon his next neighbor, so that he (the louse, not the neighbor) may take no harm. He describes a hospital for animals (which would delight Mr. Berg's heart) where, in a spacious enclosure, "divided into yards, sheds, stables, kennels, cages, are gathered hundreds of diseased, worn-out or starving horses, bullocks, cows, sheep, cats and monkeys; cranes, crows, chickens, ducks and parrots—in short, a per-

fect zoölogical garden of the most woe-begone description." There they are fed and tenderly cared for.

Mr. Hornaday is a sharp-shooter, not only when he uses death-dealing bullets against the wild beasts of the jungle or the gavials of the river, but also when he levels his shafts of criticism against popular idols, and some prevalent conceits. He is not a worshipper, but an audacious scoffer at the Taj Mahal. Of that "dream in marble," that "psalm in stone," he can say nothing better than that its "cost is entirely satisfactory, and as a monument to Love it is immense; but to my mind there are many buildings more grand, graceful and imposing than this, and hundreds which seem more sacred." "The spicy breezes" which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and which have done so ever since Bishop Heber set them in motion, he declares to be a myth. He sees no good results of missionary labor in India, and no call for missionary work in Borneo, and therein contradicts the most enlightened opinion of the world. He tells us how the love of brandy was strong enough to overcome the mighty power of caste in the case of a venerable Hindoo hypocrite who eagerly drank the fiery liquid from a cup which had been a thousand times at the author's lips; while, during the Madras famine, the pangs of hunger and the certainty of death by starvation had no terror for the natives of high caste, who preferred to starve to death rather than receive food with common people. From these facts, since human nature is the same in Asia and America, our prohibition friends may "see their calling," and learn what sort of a passion it is which they propose to overcome by the might of constitutional amendments and statutory enactments.

But it is in his own proper work as a hunter and naturalist that Mr. Hornaday excels. His hunting experiences with gavials or crocodiles on the Jumna, with elephants and tigers and many other varieties of game in the Neilgherry Hills of India and in Ceylon, with monkeys and orang-utans in the Malay Archipelago and in Borneo, are full of interesting incident and exciting adventure which he has the art of describing in an entertaining fashion, with the better art of mingling instruction with entertainment. Though he seems to hold to some theory of evolution, yet, in hunting monkeys and orang-utans, he was not restrained by any "Am I not a man and a brother?" feeling, for of the former he secured several new species, and of the latter nearly two-score specimens. As a contribution to natural science and to the literature of travel, Mr. Hornaday's book is as instructive and valuable as it is interesting. It is fully illustrated, and is provided with a map and a good index.

GEORGE C. NOYES.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.*

The first thing that strikes one in laying down this very handsome volume, with its excellent colored plates, its many wood cuts, its various chapters on the sun, the moon, the planets, the comets, the stars, the building of the universe, is the enormous difference between the public which is appealed to now, and that other public which was addressed by Fontanelle in his *Pluralité des Mondes* (1686), the first truly popular work on astronomy. Fontanelle had to imagine a young person of a noble house, whose thoughtful and romantic disposition, quite beyond her years, had led her to inquire what might be the real nature of those shining stars which she admired with childish wonder. To this young person he addresses his graceful and eloquent paragraphs, in which he is most careful to take nothing for granted, however simple, and to make no explanation too long, for fear of wearying.

Dr. Ball's book appeals to a public which has already much instruction; and while it abounds in verbal felicities, subordinates these to a sober lucidity of exposition. The astonishing fact, indeed, is that he can safely take so much for granted. His public, and especially his English public, has been so trained by science-lectures, by science-primers, and by the astronomical column of the weekly paper, that a large body of facts is available from which to go on to more facts; or, in case of need, to new principles. If we were asked to point out the chief weakness of this modern public, we should speak of its imperfect and feeble grasp of fundamental principles and the poverty of its own individual thinking. Its strength lies in the number and variety of the thoughts of others which it has partially assimilated, and which form the basis of its judgments. This basis is broad enough to build on, but it is not so firm and safe a foundation as it may easily be made by more patient reflection. And this habit of reflection is just what the teachers of the public must strive to cultivate, and what the public must demand from its teachers.

The public being what it is, Dr. Ball has made a capital book. His facts are of course beyond question. His expositions of principles are clear, precise, and often very clever. In the subjects with which he is most familiar—as, for example, the distances of the stars, or the effect of tides on the evolution of a system of planets and satellites,—Dr. Ball is particularly eloquent, and is often most suggestive. If we have a lack to signalize in the book at all, it is that the prosaic and

unreflecting nature of his audience is in some slight way reflected back upon the writer. His book would no doubt have been better if he could have counted on an audience more attentive to the realities of the subject and less open to the superficialities of mere narration. The great expositions of science elevate our nature at the same time that they inform our intellect. One may learn moral grandeur from Darwin while studying the affinities of species. And this is the sign of the most successful exposition. Dr. Ball has shown this power in many places; and where he has not, he has succeeded in being clear, direct, often happy, always correct. The illustrations help the text in many ways. They are well chosen, and in general are all that could be desired.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

RECENT POETRY.*

Once more, in our review of recent poetry, we are permitted to head the list of those who have newly brought to us their gifts of song with the beloved name of the Laureate. The poet has reached the Indian summer of a long life, and his remaining days can be but few. The very loveliness of these autumnal songs but too surely presages the time when they must cease, and leave us nothing but the hallowed memory of a life which has made the lives of countless others better worth the living. It is with more than ordinary gratitude that we should receive the more than golden treasures which are yet offered us by the poet whose crown of laurel, when he must needs put it off,

*TIRESIAS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., P.L. New York: Macmillan & Co.

MARINO FALIERO: A TRAGEDY. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF CHARLES DICKENS. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE POEMS OF HENRY ABBEY. New, Revised and Enlarged Edition. Kingston, New York: Henry Abbey.

POEMS. By William D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Household Edition. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Household Edition. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

VOYAGE TO THE FORTUNATE ISLES, AND OTHER POEMS. (Mrs. Platt's Select Poems.) By Sarah M. B. Platt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AFTERNOON SONGS. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OVERON AND PUCK; VERSES GRAVE AND GAY. By Helen Gray Cone. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE HUMBLER POETS. A Collection of Newspaper and Periodical Verse. 1870 to 1885. By Slason Thompson. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

THE SONG CELESTIAL; OR, BHAGAVAD-GITA. (From the Mahabharata.) Translated from the Sanskrit Text, by Edwin Arnold. M.A. Boston: Robert Brothers.

SAKOONTALA; OR, THE LOST RING. An Indian Drama. Translated into English Prose and Verse, from the Sanskrit of Kalidasa, by Monier Williams, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS. By R. S. Ball, LL.D., Royal Astronomer of Ireland. London and New York: Cassell & Company.

will be as he received it in the midyear of the century—

"Greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base."

"Tiresias, and Other Poems" is a volume of about two hundred pages. Its contents are not without their admixture of dross, but this we may easily forget in rapture of thankful reverence for the large portions which are beyond all price. The title poem of "Tiresias" is a piece of the noblest blank verse that even Tennyson has written. "Balin and Balan" is a new Arthurian idyl no less stately than those which we know so well of old. "Early Spring" is a lyric with all the haunting Tennysonian sweetness. The lines to Virgil and to Catullus are to be numbered with the perfect things of votive verse. And the "Hands all Round" and the verses to "Freedom" bring divine tribute to the divinest of things known to men.

Only in that inmost shrine of memory which is hallowed by "Tithonus" and "Ulysses" and "Ænone," the new poem of "Tiresias" finds a place among its peers. But before speaking of the poem itself, a word must be said of its setting. It is inscribed to the poet's old friend, Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar and of Æschylus, and the dedicatory verses were begun when "Old Fitz" was still upon earth.

"We old friends are still alive,"

so goes the song—

"And I am nearing seventy-four
While you have touched at seventy-five."

But in the midst of the strain death claimed the older poet, and the survivor must needs bring to a mournful close what was begun with lightness of heart.

"The tolling of his funeral bell
Broke on my Pagan Paradise,
And mixt the dream of classic times,
And all the phantoms of the dream
With present grief, and made the rhymes,
That miss'd his living welcome, seem
Like would-be guests an hour too late,
Who down the highway moving on
With easy laughter find the gate
Is bolted, and the master gone.
Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship! past, in sleep, away
By night, into the deeper night!
The deeper night? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth—
If night, what barren toll to be!
What life, so main'd by night, were worth
Our living out? Not mine to me,
Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last; and laying flowers,
This wreath, above his honour'd head,
And praying that, when I from hence
Shall fade with him into the unknown,
My close of earth's experience
May prove as peaceful as his own."

The subject of the poem which is thus dedicated to a beloved memory is the exhortation of the prophet to Menœceus that he sacrifice himself to save Thebes from its impending

destruction at the hands of the Seven. It is difficult to choose among verses which are all faultless, but perhaps the passage in which Tiresias tells the youth of that vision which in childhood lost him his sight will best bear separation from the context.

"Then, in my wanderings all the Ian
Subjected to the Heliconian ridge
Have heard this footstep fall, altho' my wont
Was more to scale the highest of the heights
With some strange hope to see the nearer God.

One naked peak—the sister of the sun
Would climb from out the dark, and linger there
To sliver all the valleys with her shafts—
There once, but long ago, five-fold thy term
Of years, I lay; the winds were dead for heat;
The noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick
For shadow—not one bush was near—I rose
Following a torrent till its myriad falls
Found silence in the hollows underneath.

There in a secret olive-glade I saw
Pallas Athene climbing from the bath
In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd
The lucid well; one snowy knee was prest
Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light
Came from her golden hair, her golden helm
And all her golden armour on the grass,
And from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes
Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark
For ever, and I heard a voice that said
'Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,
And speak the truth that no man may believe.'

No other English poet of our age has the power to put such words thus side by side. And there is one other passage of beauty no less divine which must find a place here. In the ripeness of his experience, our supreme poet has found such words as these wherewith to consecrate the highest object of human endeavor, the noblest ambition that can fire the human soul:

"No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet motherland which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are a song
Heard in the future; few, but more than wall
And rampart, their examples reach a hand
Far thro' all years, and everywhere they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs."

It is peculiarly gratifying that, in an age so much of whose highest song has dwelt upon themes of patriotism, the voice of Tennyson should not have ceased without first being raised to take a part in singing the praises of self-sacrifice for the love of country. These verses bring with them a double gladness—the gladness of their own immaculate beauty, and the gladness that we should owe them to the poet whose crown needed but this one leaf to make it green and fadeless above all other crowns of his fellow singers.

It must soon devolve upon one man to sustain the high standard so long held up in English poetry. Even now, the singers of the older generation have fallen into a silence rarely broken, and then only by fitful strains of a forced melody. The voice of song is hushed in Matthew Arnold, whom arid themes

of theology and politics engross. The tortuous and labyrinthine verse of Robert Browning is given over to pedantry and didacticism. Little more may be expected from Alfred Tennyson. Of that group of younger poets whose fame more recently ripened, Rossetti is dead, and Morris has become a designer of wall-papers and a leader of socialist mobs. Mr. Stedman's dictum that a distinctly marked era in English poetry is about closed, receives new justification with each successive year. The one great poet yet remaining from whom great things may yet be awaited is Algernon Charles Swinburne; and it is matter for genuine satisfaction that his power seems to gain rather than to lose, that his genius seems to expand rather than to wither, and that the latest of his works shows no sign of decrepitude and is in every way a masterpiece.

In choosing Marino Faliero as the subject of a tragedy in blank verse, Mr. Swinburne was perhaps to some extent actuated by the impulse which induced Turner to bestow upon the National Gallery at London two of his finest works, upon the condition that they should be hung with two of the masterpieces of Claude, that all the world might note how the French artist was excelled in his own special domain. That Mr. Swinburne's work easily excels that of Lord Byron upon the same subject need hardly be said. Byron was at his weakest both in blank verse and in tragedy; while in the one, as in the other, the poet of "Erechtheus" and of the Mary Stuart trilogy is at his strongest. Since the subject of this tragedy has the additional merit of engaging the republican sympathy and impassioned ardor in the worship of freedom which color and season all of Mr. Swinburne's work, it is not strange that this new "Marino Faliero" should be an entirely noble and inspiring creation.

The historical facts have been very closely followed in the work of Mr. Swinburne. The insult to the young and fair wife of the doge, the trivial sentence passed upon the offender, the ungovernable passion of Faliero when he learns of this, the proffered and accepted leadership in the popular conspiracy, the failure of that conspiracy and the arrest of those implicated, and the final judgment pronounced upon the noble traitor, successively claim the attention of the reader. That which is characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's presentation, and which, in fact, affords the keynote of his conception, is the attitude of Faliero when reason resumes its sway over his mind, and when calm reflection justifies with him the course which passion has initiated. The opportunity for revenge being offered him at the very hour when he has learned how lightly the patrician tribunal holds the wrong done him by the insult of Steno, he eagerly grasps

it, regardless of the future; and afterwards, when the personal motives which first prompt him have lost their force with the subsidence of his anger, he is held to his course by a vivid realization of the sufferings of the Venetian people at the hands of a corrupt and unscrupulous oligarchy. The mere traitor which an hour's passion makes of him, becomes merged in the liberator of the republic from its oppressors. To effect this transition in such a way as to attach the sympathy of the reader to the fortunes of Faliero at the last, was the most difficult and delicate part of Mr. Swinburne's task. Into the historical justice of the conception we are not here concerned to carry the discussion, but have simply to record its artistic success, which is unquestionable. In the scene which precedes the failure of the conspiracy, as well as in the judgment scene and that which follows it, the character of Faliero becomes transfigured, and the divine halo of the deliverer invests him with its radiance.

It is in the last two acts that the poet reaches the height of his theme, and their sustained magnificence of blank verse is comparable only with the best work of the "Bothwell" or the "Erechtheus." The following passage is from that scene of the fourth act in which Faliero, in company with his nephew, keeps watch through the night whose morn is to bring the signal for revolution. The words are spoken by Faliero to his companion:

"And this do thou
Know likewise, and hold fast, that if to-day
Dawn rise not, but the darkness drift us down,
And leave our hopes as wrecks and waifs despised
Of men that walk by daylight, not with us
Shall faith decline from earth or justice end,
Or freedom, which if dead should bid them die,
Rot, though the works and very names of us,
And all the fruit we looked for, nipped of winds
And gnawn of worms, and all the stem that bore,
And all the root, wax rotten. Here shall be
Freedom, or never in this time-weary world
Justice, nor ever shall the sunrise know
A sight to match the morning, nor the sea
Hear from the sound of living souls on earth,
Free as her foam, and righteous as her tides,
Just, equal, aweless, perfect, even as she,
A word to match her music. If we fail,
We are even but we—I, thou, and these our friends
That rise or fall beside us: if we thrive,
Not I and thou and they triumph—not we
Prosper—but that which if we live or die
Alike and absolute, unhurt and whole,
Endures, being proven of our mortalities
Immortal—yea, being shown by sign of loss
And token of subdued infirmity,
And ruin, and all insistence of defeat,
And laughing lips and trampling heels of men
That smile and stamp above us buried, shown
Triumphant."

In these verses there is contained a prophecy of that resurrection of Italy which the world has witnessed in our own time, and the prophecy becomes more explicit in a later scene where Faliero, at the very last hour of his life, looks forward to the happier day when a worthier hand than his shall lift up the fallen people, and a voice of higher inspiration than

his own shall bid them be free. Of the many tributes which Mr. Swinburne has paid to Mazzini, there is none nobler than that contained in the passage in which Faliero confides to future years and more fitting hands the work he has failed to accomplish.

"No, not me,
But one more pure of passion, one more strong,
Being gentler and more just, if God be good
And time approve him righteous, God shall give
The grace I merited not, to do men right
And bring men comfort: wrath and fear and hope,
Save such as angels watching earth from heaven,
And filled with fiery pity pure as God's,
Feel, and are kindled into love, to him
Shall rest unknown forever: men that hear
His name far off shall yearn at heart, and thank
God that they hear, and live: but they that see,
They that touch hands with heaven and him, that feed
With light from his their eyes, and fill their ears
With godlike speech of lips whereon the smile
Is promise of more perfect manhood, born
Of happier days than his that knew not him,
And equal-hearted with the sun in heaven
From rising even to setting, they shall know
By type and present likeness of a man
What, if truth be, truth is, and what, if God,
God. * * * * *

The man
Supreme of spirit, and perfect, and unlike
Me: for the tongue that bids dark death arise,
The hand that takes dead freedom by the hand
And lifts up living, other these must be
Than mine, and other than the world, I think,
Shall bear till men wax worthier."

The last words of Faliero to his weeping wife and nephew before he goes forth to execution are calm and full of dignity. Once more he lets fall from his lips divine words in praise of liberty.

"Liberty
Is no mere flower that feeds on light and air
And sweetens life and soothes it, but herself
Air, light, and life, which being withdrawn or quenched
Or choked with rank infection till it rot
Gives only place to death and darkness. I
Would fain have hewn a way for her to pass
As fire that cleaves a forest; and the flame
Takes hold on me that kindled it."

Once more he comforts the beloved ones, the parting from whom brings the only pang which death has for him; once more he bids them take hope for the future; once more he gives them wise counsel for the shaping of their lives,—and then comes his last farewell.

"Be not faint of heart:
I go not as a base man goes to death,
But great of hope: God cannot will that here
Some day shall spring not freedom: nor perchance
May we, long dead, not know it, who died of love
For dreams that were and truths that were not. Come.
Bring me but toward the landing whence my soul
Sets sail, and bid God speed her forth to sea."

It will be seen, even from the passages which we have quoted, that this work must immediately take its place among the masterpieces of English poetry. But one other English poet of this century has produced a piece of dramatic blank verse with which it may be classed or compared. That poet, it need not be said, is Shelley; and that work, "The Cenci." Now it is a fact of no little significance that such a work as this should be

written in the year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-five, by the poet who has already produced a larger volume of notable poetry than any of his contemporaries, and in whose powers we might naturally expect to observe some falling off. But the verse of Mr. Swinburne has rather gained than lost; and, what is also most gratifying, we still find in his work a vigor and an earnestness which make it hard to believe that the poet is nearly fifty years old. He preserves the same clear vision of the same high ideals that were his twenty years ago, and this at an age when too many illustrious poets have entered upon a moral decline, seeking to make peace with offended conventions and superstitions, and offering sacrifices to the gods of the Philistines.

It was almost cruel to collect the fragments of verse written by Charles Dickens, and make a volume of them, so little value do they possess, and so entirely insignificant a part do they form of the literary work of the great novelist. It was difficult to find even enough material to form the smallest sort of a volume, and all sorts of odds and ends are thrown in to swell the amount. The result is a very neat and nicely-printed little book, in whose contents, however, there is little indication of unusual talent. The song of "The Ivy Green," from "Pickwick," is the best-known of these pieces; and "The Loving Ballad of George Bateman" is a bit of humor that was worth preserving. There are also a few songs which are at least readable; but the claim, implied in the preface, of a relative importance for this verse at all comparable with that which may be claimed for the verse of Emerson or of Ruskin or of Thackeray, is entirely absurd.

It is hard to avoid a prepossession for poems that appear clothed in the perfection of typographical dress which has been given the "Lyrics and Other Poems" of Richard Watson Gilder. And the reader is fully sustained in his prepossession by the contents of the collection. Hardly any other of our younger poets has given us a volume so strongly marked by the poetic feeling as this, or containing so much that is exquisitely beautiful. There are few to whom it will not come as a surprise and a revelation. These poems exhibit a rare refinement of technique, a worthy style, and a feeling which ranges all the way from the sensuous to the austere. The emotional pitch of such sonnets as those entitled "Cost" and "The Dark Room" is very different, but the execution is equally befitting and equally without fault. And it is in the sonnet that Mr. Gilder works with a hand of preëminent strength. There is no other American but Longfellow who has written any considerable number of sonnets whose beauty is comparable with that of the fifty or

more which this volume contains. The following upon "The Sonnet" deserves a place with those of Wordsworth and Rossetti upon the same familiar theme:

"What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls."

This is especially suggestive of Rossetti; and, in fact, the influence of that poet upon Mr. Gilder is very marked. He is certainly fortunate in his master, and also fortunate in being able to follow in the same paths. The principal work which the present volume contains is called "The New Day," and is a collection of sonnets and songs much in the manner of the "House of Life." Even such titles as "The Unknown Way" and "Love's Monotone" are suggestive of the English singer of beauty and mystic passion, and there are many lines and passages which might pass for Rossetti's if not scanned too closely. The following are examples of this:

"Cruel as thy remorseless maidenhood."
"At this last verge and boundary of time."
"This is her picture, painted ere mine eyes
Her ever holy face had looked upon.
She sitteth in a silence of her own;
Behind her, on the ground, a red rose lies."

The sonnet which we have already given in full must suffice for present quotation, although the temptation to include others is strong. It is hard to pass with mere mention such noble pieces as "The New Troubadours," "Call me not Dead," and "The Evening Star;" or to refrain from transcription, in all their glowing beauty, of "Once when we walked within a summer field," and the splendid parable of "The Dark Room." Again and again we may read these and others of the sonnets and miscellaneous pieces, and gain with each perusal a heightened sense of their strange beauty. We may well take pride that such poetry as this is written in our own day and by one of our own countrymen. And stronger than this pride will be the emotion of gratitude to the one who brings us such gifts.

The reader will not take up the volume of "Poems" by Mr. Henry Abbey without a prepossession in their favor somewhat similar to that of which we have just spoken in connection with the work of Mr. Gilder; but the parallel between the two volumes does not extend beyond the perfect taste of their typographical execution. Mr. Abbey's verse, which is here collected from several previously pub-

lished volumes, can hardly be called anything more than respectable at its best, while much of it is hardly that. A great deal of it is, in fact, the baldest of prose tricked out in metrical garb, and expressive of a didacticism of the feeblest and most commonplace sort. Such lines as the following suggest the author of the "Proverbial Philosophy":

"All bold, great actions that are seen too near,
Look rash and foolish to unthinking eyes;
But at a distance they at once appear
In their true grandeur: so let us be wise,
And not too soon our neighbor's deed malign,
For what seems coarse may yet be good and fine."

But it would not be quite fair to confine our illustrations to such a passage as the above, and, as a foil to this doggerel, a few very tolerable heroic verses may be appended.

"When on the far-off verge the faint new moon
Lifted its prow of pearl, upon the hill,
That passively looks down on Eiad's towers,
I too looked down, and watched the many lights
Gleam, and saw the buildings, shadow-like,
Wed vaster shadows of dream-haunted night."

An occasional verse which, like one of those just quoted, will not scan, does not seem to offend the author's sensibilities in the least. And, without being harsh to the point of injustice, we might, while styling Mr. Abbey's best verses "most tolerable," finish the phrase by adding, with Dogberry, "and not to be endured." And yet this volume is evidently the product of conscientious workmanship on the part of a gentleman of culture and refined feeling.

A collection of poems by Mr. Howells will be a surprise to many of the readers of "Silas Lapham," although the pieces were mostly written and published years ago. The circle of Mr. Howells's readers was narrower then than it is now, and comparatively few of those whom he has entertained of late years have ever seen the earlier volume. The present reissue is, in point of externals at least, an unqualified delight to the sense; if its contents are hardly to be considered as verse of the notable sort, they are at least so pleasing that the curiosity which explores them will not go wholly unrewarded. Somehow we cannot help expecting more of the finished novelist than we should of any unknown writer, and we cannot read these verses without some sense of disappointment in spite of the delightful things which we find here and there. Mr. Howells seems to have had, in his "salad days," an unfortunate weakness for hexameters, and nearly one-half of his volume is made up of them. They are mostly drawn into the service of narrative, and the stories which they tell are pleasantly lighted up with the poetic imagination; but considered as hexameters, the less that is said of them the better. We turn with much greater satisfaction to the gentle pathos of such pieces as "Forlorn" and "The

Empty House," or the delicious fancy of "Bopeep, a Pastoral," which, in its quaint semi-seriousness, is perhaps the most charming of them all. Our quotation from the volume must be a short one, and we will take a little poem entitled "Through the Meadow":

"The summer sun was soft and bland,
As they went through the meadow land.

"The little wind that hardly shook
The silver of the sleeping brook
Blew the gold hair about her eyes,—
A mystery of mysteries!
So he must often pause, and stoop,
And all the wanton ringlets loop
Behind her dainty ear—emprise
Of slow event and many sighs.

"Across the stream was scarce a step,—
And yet she feared to try the leap;
And he, to still her sweet alarm,
Must lift her over on his arm.

"She could not keep the narrow way,
For still the little feet would stray,
And ever must he bend t'undo
The tangled grasses from her shoe,—
From dainty rosebud lips in pout,
Must kiss the perfect flower out!

"Ah! little coquette! Fair deceit!
Some things are bitter that were sweet."

This little story with a moral is a very characteristic specimen of the delicate verse which makes up the half of Mr. Howells's volume not given over to hexameters.

In adding the complete poems of Stedman and Aldrich to the well-known "Household Edition" of American poets, the publishers have done the public a real service. The work of each of these writers has a volume and importance which justify this recognition of their right to places upon the rugged slopes of our sparsely inhabited Western Parnassus. Of Mr. Stedman it was justly said in a recent number of *THE DIAL*, upon the occasion of a review of his "Poets of America," that no treatise upon that subject could be adequate which did not contain an account of his own poems. Among our poets still living, he certainly occupies the place next after Whittier and Lowell, Holmes and Whitman; and his rich and many-sided volume contains many pieces—all the way from the stirring early ballad of John Brown down to the recent splendid tribute to the genius of Hawthorne—which the reader would not willingly miss from his library. The variety of the metrical forms at his command, his wide range both as to subject and to sentiment, and, above all, the manly sincerity of his verse, commend it to the intellect and the heart of his readers. This is not the place to do more than note the appearance of the new edition of his collected poetical work; but the critic who should treat the subject at length would find in that work the material for a most interesting chapter in the history of American poetry.

The muse of Aldrich is a more restricted and perhaps a daintier spirit. She is certainly

very well bred and very correct in her manners, if her intellectual limitations are somewhat obvious. On this point Mr. Stedman himself, ever generous in appreciation of his fellow craftsmen, may be allowed to speak. "He (Aldrich) is a poet of inborn taste; a votary of the beautiful; and many of his delicately conceived pieces, that are unexcelled by modern work, were composed in a ruder time, and thus a forecast of the present technical advance. They illustrate the American instinct which unites a Saxon honesty of feeling to that artistic subtlety in which the French surpass the world. Though successful in a few poems of a more heroic cast, his essential skill and genius are found in briefer lyrics comparable to faultless specimens of the antique graver's art." This publication of Aldrich in a single compact volume was especially needed, as his poems, in their original editions, made up five or six of those small books which are always so unsatisfactory.

The publication of Mrs. Piatt's select poems was the result of a fortunate inspiration. The six or seven volumes of her work have been drawn upon for their choicest treasures; and these, taken together, form a collection which exhibits very marked excellence. The graceful and suggestive verse of Mrs. Piatt at her best is equal to anything that has yet been done by her sex in America. Its quality is clearly feminine, and its range is narrow; but we need not make of either of these limitations matter for unfavorable criticism, when a collection of verse exhibits, as this does, so marked a degree of imagination, so great a refinement of feeling, and so large a sense of the solemn significance of life and death. Her work has been deemed to be suggestive both of Mrs. Browning and Miss Rossetti. Her spiritual kinship with the latter is asserted not without some show of reason, although this may not be based upon any resemblance of their work in detail. It appears rather in their common realization of the essential nature of human life, of its transitory joys, of its ever-attendant pathos, and of the unreality of all its shadowy phantasmagoria.

The poems of two other women also now claim our attention: the "Afternoon Songs" of Mrs. Dorr, and the dainty little volume of Miss Helen Gray Cone. If the songs of the former writer express the sentiment which comes with the afternoon of life, those of the latter have the freshness and the inspiration of its morning, and their youthful ardor contrasts with the calm of Mrs. Dorr's tranquil verse. The estimable writer of these "Afternoon Songs" is well known to American readers. Her verse pursues its sweet even course, nowhere rising above the middle register of feeling, and nowhere greatly derogating from

its modest standard of careful workmanship and clear expression. We like particularly such pieces as "The Painter's Prayer," with its gentle religious burden, and the tributes to the memory of Longfellow, Holmes, and Emerson, with their note of grateful and reverent recollection.

The collection of Miss Cone, to which she has given the title of "Oberon and Puck," is of a more ambitious kind. The lighter or "Puck" part of the volume may be dismissed with a word. It contains a clever dialogue between Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde, each discoursing after his own fashion, a poor parody upon Swinburne, and two or three moderately amusing bits of bric-a-brac verse. The serious work collected under the general title of "Oberon" is more valuable for its promise than for its achievement. It reveals a just sense of the nature of a poetical theme, but the execution is often faltering. It depends for its effect very much upon the suggestion of those names and places which have been so consecrated by the artistic imagination that their mere mention must always evoke some considerable amount of an emotion independent of the art which would render them even more richly suggestive. Decidedly the best pieces of the collection are those in which the echo of other men's genius is thus blended with the voice of the new singer. Such pieces are "Fiammetta," and the beautiful sonnet "On First Reading Landor's Hellenics." In the few cases where Miss Cone has trusted entirely to her own inspiration, the product is tritling; but, we would repeat, it is unusually full of promise.

The anthology which has been prepared by Mr. Slason Thompson, and suggestively called "The Humbler Poets," is a work of great interest. For some fifteen years past Mr. Thompson has preserved such fugitive pieces of verse found in the pages of newspapers and magazines as have seemed to him too good to be lost sight of, and from the collection thus made, with some help from similar collections made by his friends, he has selected the contents of this handsome volume, which consists of some four hundred and fifty pieces, filling about the same number of pages. The criticism which would be applied to the work of any individual poet is, of course, disarmed by the unpretending character of this collection. But its average excellence is certainly surprising, and the volume has far more poetical value than the collected works of many a "poet" whose name has gone into the history of American literature, and whose works occupy volumes by themselves. No little share of this praise must go to the credit of the editor, whose careful discrimination and fine literary taste have contributed as much to the work, we are tempted to say, as the writers

of the pieces themselves have done. Mr. Thompson has aimed to include in his volume only such strays and waifs of recent verse as are not elsewhere easily accessible, either in the collected works of writers or in the existing anthologies. More than half of his pieces are anonymous, and those which are signed bear few familiar names. We notice an occasional piece which is to be found in the collected verse of its writer, and find with some surprise a little poem of Mr. Stedman's—"Toujours Amour"—reduced to about one-half its size, and, with a new title and no author's name at all, given a conspicuous place at the opening of one of Mr. Thompson's divisions. But a few such slips as this were inevitable, and it is rather to be wondered at that there are not more of them. Every reader will find some old and perhaps long-lost friends between the covers of this volume. Many of the pieces—as, for example, "The Burial of Moses," "The Blue and the Gray," "Our Last Toast," "No Scepter in Heaven," the "Antony and Cleopatra" of General Lytle, and the "Beautiful Snow" of James W. Watson,—are generally familiar; and countless others will find individual recognition and welcome. Mr. Thompson's book is a real addition to our poetical treasures, and deserves an honored place by the side of the similar collections of pieces from the more famous poets. There are hours when the reader will be likely to take it up rather than its companions of more elevated rank and higher condition.

The last works to claim our attention in this review are two translations from the Sanskrit: Edwin Arnold's recent version of the "Bhagavad-Gita," and a new edition of the translation of "Sakountala" made by Professor Monier Williams some thirty years ago. Both of these works are exceedingly famous in Sanskrit literature; the one for its ethical and philosophical burden, and the other as a masterpiece of Indian dramatic art. The "Bhagavad-Gita" is an episode of the great "Mahabharata" epic, probably interpolated into that poem at a late date. It is in form a dialogue between Prince Arjuna and Krishna, the incarnation of divinity, held upon the battlefield where the hosts of Arjuna are drawn up to meet their foes. In substance it is an exposition of the fundamental conceptions of Indian philosophy, of that large and spiritual teaching which is found alike in the doctrine of Gautama himself and in the books held sacred before his coming, and of which Mr. Arnold has been the chief interpreter for English readers. It is especially distinguished by its unusual and sustained elevation of sentiment, and has, ever since the discovery of Sanskrit literature a century ago, appealed to the most refined modern sympathies more strongly, perhaps, than any

other production of that literature. It has often been translated, both into English and other modern languages; but the present version by Mr. Arnold is easily the best worth reading, and the service of the translator in adding its riches to the treasury of English poetry is almost as great as that which he rendered in the preparation of "The Light of Asia." The form of the work is blank verse, with occasional lyrics interspersed. The following passage, in which Krishna unfolds to his eager listener the doctrine of the true nature of life and the world which seems to be about us, will illustrate both the metrical form of the translation and the profoundly philosophical character of the work itself:

"The wise in heart
Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
Forever and forever afterwards.
All that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
As there come infancy and youth and age,
So come there raisings-up and layings-down
Of other and of other life-abodes,
Which the wise know and fear not. This that irks—
Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements,
Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
The soul that with a strong and constant calm
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying. That which is
Can never cease to be; that which is not
Will not exist. To see this truth of both
Is theirs who part essence from accident,
Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
Learn thou! The Life is spreading life through all;
It cannot anywhere, by any means,
Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
But for these fleeting frames which it informs
With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
He who shall say, 'Lo! I have slain a man!'
He who shall think, 'Lo! I am slain!' those both
Know naught! Life cannot slay! Life is not slain!
Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to
be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning
are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth
the spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the
house of it seems.
Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
Immortal, indestructible—shall such
Say, 'I have killed a man, or caused to kill?'"

In these lines we may find the last word which modern philosophy has spoken. The truths which appear in the analysis of Berkeley and Kant and Schopenhauer are here expressed in words two thousand years old, and with little less precision. The thin veil of mysticism which is thrown over them will deceive no thoughtful reader, and a clearer statement of philosophical idealism could hardly be desired. This passage must suffice for present illustration; but we refrain with reluctance from reciting some of the more strictly ethical passages of the poem, and especially the beautiful lyrical parable of the banyan tree. These, however, we must leave the reader to

find for himself. "The Song Celestial," as Mr. Arnold calls the poem, should stand side by side with "The Light of Asia" in every library.

The Indian drama of "Sakountala" was discovered by Sir William Jones about a hundred years ago, and that distinguished scholar prepared a prose translation from the modern and corrupt text to which alone he had access. Thus the masterpiece of Kalidasa was first made known to Europeans at least eighteen hundred years after the date of its composition. In 1853, Professor Monier Williams, of the East India College, already well known as a Sanskrit scholar through his grammar and dictionary of the language, published a revised and carefully annotated edition of the text of "Sakountala." Two or three years later he produced the translation which is now reprinted in this country, and which is written in prose and verse, according to the scheme of the original work. His introduction to that translation is also reprinted here, and contains what information is necessary for the intelligent perusal of a work which has excited the enthusiastic admiration of the master minds of the century. It may also be noted in the present connection that this drama has been made the subject of one of the noblest works of the modern German school of composers. The "Sakuntala" overture of Goldmark is one of the richest of recent orchestral compositions, and translates the action of the Indian drama into the universal language of emotion most wonderfully. In addition to the ordinary form in which this work appears, there is an *édition de luxe* which is one of the most notable pieces of this season's bookmaking. The publishers of the work have laid themselves open to criticism in one respect. Excepting the date 1856, which occurs in small type at the close of the preface, the book contains no indication that it is the reprint of an older work. Some conspicuous statement of this fact was clearly due to the large number of those who, owing to its absence, have been led to suppose the translation to be newly made.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, the gifted author of "War and Peace," is furnishing the world in his own person with another remarkable example of that self-forgetful absorption in an ideal aim which is, everywhere except in Russia, a mark of distinction. In "My Religion," which everybody can and should now read in the good translation furnished by Mr. Huntington Smith and published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., he gives the record of a conversion which may not improbably be sometime ranked in importance and interest with that of Augustine or of Bunyan. For thirty-five years of his life a nihilist

— "not a revolutionary socialist," he explains, "but a man who believed in nothing,"—light suddenly came to him from the words of Jesus, and he became as one who, going forth upon some errand, "decides that the matter is of no importance, and turns back." He whose genius as a novelist had received cordial homage from a Turgeneff, quietly renounces literature, goes to live among his peasants, and devotes the remainder of his life to religion. For six years, he tells us, he has labored upon a new translation of the Gospels, a Concordance to them, and a Criticism of Dogmatic Theology. The keynote of the present volume is struck in the following sentence: "Our entire social fabric is founded upon principles that Jesus repudiated; we do not wish to understand his doctrine in its simple and direct acceptation, and yet we assure ourselves and others that we follow his doctrine, or else that his doctrine is not expedient for us." This impressive exposure of the failure of institutions based upon violence suggests questions which we cannot too earnestly ponder. What would become of the world should all Christians, communities as well as individuals, begin to obey the precept "That ye resist not evil"? No more enforcement of personal rights; no more war; no more punishment of criminals; no more enjoyment of pleasures obtained through the sufferings, nor of privileges won by the exclusion, of fellow-men. This is what Tolstoi advocates, because he thinks it would result in the redemption of the world. He understands Jesus to have said: "You believe that your laws reform criminals; as a matter of fact, they only make more criminals. There is only one way to suppress evil, and that is to return good for evil, without respect of persons. For thousands of years you have tried the other method; now try mine, try the reverse." Certainly a candid man must doubt whether the kingdom of heaven has not rather suffered than been promoted by violence. Has the time come for dispensing with penal institutions? The Cassandras among us predict all the dreadful consequences. Let the good renounce violence, and we shall see the millennium of the bad. The fate of the Mongolian non-resistant in Wyoming and elsewhere is not encouraging to non-resistants in general. The good must practise violence occasionally, in order that the bad may not practise it continually. To all this and similar reasoning upon which the modern civilization called Christian is based, Tolstoi simply opposes the words and the practice of Jesus and the first Christians. Had Christians not been led by outward success and by ambition to adopt the violent methods of the Roman, human brotherhood would long ago have been a reality instead of a distant ideal. Leo Tolstoi proposes to begin now. How many ages before Christendom will be ready to follow him, we cannot know; but already the day is dawning when the criminal shall be regarded by enlightened jurisprudence not as an enemy to society but as one against whom society has sinned and to whom it owes a heavy debt. It seems certain that this remarkable book, read as it already is in at least three languages, will do much toward hastening the reign of "sweeter manners, purer laws."

It is interesting to place side by side, and mark the contrast in point of size between, the last edition of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's "Outlines" and Mrs. Caroline Healy Dall's little book entitled "What

We Really Know About Shakespeare," recently published by Roberts Brothers. The nature of the latter work is sufficiently explained by its title, and it is really a very admirable presentation, in condensed form, of the facts which have been gleaned up to date by the industry of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. It has a few points of individuality—among others, it strongly urges that the years 1587-92 were spent by the poet in travel upon the continent. Mrs. Dall states that she was partly impelled to prepare this book by a desire to point out the absurdities—which some people seem inclined to take seriously—of that eminent Shakespearean scholar and democratic politician Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota. She attended some lectures by him, in which "he stated in substance that Shakespeare was low-born, vilely bred, led an obscure life, and was a man who might easily be hired to cloak the personality of a superior who feared political disgrace." In reply to this, Mrs. Dall takes pains, in her selection of evidence, to emphasize the following points: As to Shakespeare's origin, she shows that "his family took root in the yeomanry of England, and that on both sides it looked back upon a reputable history." As to his education, she shows that it was "deficient only in a technical sense." As to his companions, she shows that they were "so far as is known to us, of the best sort." As to his alleged obscurity, she shows that "he was widely known and much beloved;" and adds: "In a time when there was no newspaper and no magazine, when the modern interviewer had never been heard of, Dr. Ingleby finds one hundred and eighty-five references to Shakespeare on record within the century, and fifty-seven of these were made during his lifetime. If we omit the testimony of the newspapers and magazines, if we remember how few people of his period could read and write, would Tennyson or Longfellow make a better showing?" For anyone who may yet have a lingering suspicion that there is something in the "Baconian theory," Mrs. Dall has what is perhaps the best word to say on the subject. After a personal tribute to Delia Bacon, whom, she says, she knew and loved, the following is added: "But, after all this, the reader must be reminded that Delia Bacon formed her theory before Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's researches had begun; before Shakespeare emerged from the mists of Blackfriars' and the Globe, and stood before us as a well-known citizen of no small use in his time in other ways than as a 'maker of plays.'" And yet, in spite of all our positive and constantly growing knowledge of the subject, the perverse ingenuity of such writers as Ignatius Donnelly and Appleton Morgan continues to attract attention, the one finding hearers for his lectures, and the other readers for his book, of which, even now, a new edition has been found necessary. We heartily commend Mrs. Dall's valuable summary of facts. We find an occasional misprint, such as "Taggard" for "Jaggard," and "Halliwell-Phillips" for "Halliwell-Phillips," but these are trifles.

MR. ANDREW LANG is the editor of a new series of biographies which are to be known as the lives of "English Worthies" and of which the American publishers are D. Appleton & Co. The volumes are of about the same size and are published at the same price as those of the "English Men of Letters." The scope of the series is such as to include the names of Steele, Marlborough, Sir Thomas More,

Latimer, Garrick, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, and Izaak Walton, to mention only a few of those already announced; and the names of such writers as George Saintsbury, Austin Dobson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walter Besant, Edmund Gosse, and J. A. Symonds, indicate the high character of the work which may be expected. The initial volume of the series is devoted to Charles Darwin, and has been entrusted to the singularly competent hands of Mr. Grant Allen, the friend and popular expositor of the great biologist. It is now a quarter of a century since the "Origin of Species" appeared, and during that time one of the greatest battles in the history of scientific thought has been fought out, and one of the greatest of all known intellectual victories achieved. But the number of persons who are still ignorant of the work of Darwin, and of the revolution which it wrought in biology, is surprisingly large; and it is precisely to these people that the present volume is addressed. With this lucid and compact statement of the nature and net result of Darwin's researches generally accessible, it will no longer be pardonable in anyone who pretends to be generally informed to speak of Darwinism as synonymous with evolution on the one hand, or with the doctrine that men are descended from monkeys on the other. Those portions of Mr. Allen's admirable book which define the relations of the Darwinian discoveries and doctrines to contemporary and earlier thought are especially valuable. The history of evolution is simply the history of the progress of human thought towards philosophical conceptions, and evolution itself is as old as the thinking mind. Into that history the work of Darwin is simply fitted as an episode, just as the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace was fitted some time before. That organic forms must in some way have arisen one from the other was recognized as a necessity of thought before Darwin was born. His own work was to lay down the principles which govern those organic modifications which finally result in new species, and this he did so completely and with so overwhelming a show of evidence that opposition was silenced almost in the act of expression, and the great observer brought all the world over to his side before he died. Now his work in effecting this revolution is unquestionably the greatest scientific achievement of the present century, and no one can afford to be ignorant of the nature of that work, and of its results as far as they may yet be seen. Mr. Allen has performed his task admirably well. We do not see how it could have been done better in any respect. His knowledge of the subject is upon a level with his powers of unambiguous expression, and both are all that could be desired by the most exacting critic.

MR. CABLE'S new book, "The Silent South" (Scribner), marks an epoch at the South, if indeed it does not make one. It marks the epoch when the South, being at last secure from outside political interference, begins to realize the vital importance of a correct settlement of her great social problem. Not improbably it may also create an epoch of temperate discussion on the part of the best minds of the South of this most hotly burning of questions. Mr. Cable's own treatment of the subject is an earnest of this, inasmuch as the subject could hardly have been handled by any Northern publicist with more breadth, calmness, and ability, nor with half so much familiarity with the facts involved.

For the new South it is indeed a happy omen that her foremost man of letters, whose laurels have been won in a line of effort so different, should feel constrained, as did Milton at that other memorable time, to lay aside his "garland and singing robes" and to "embark upon this troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." It is rumored that Mr. Cable's vigorous attempts to let a little daylight into the cobwebbed Southern mind concerning the status of the Freedman have cost him some obloquy if not ostracism at home. To confute a prejudice is indeed as hard as to refute a sneer; for a prejudice would not be a prejudice were the holder open to conviction. Over and over again Mr. Cable dissects the opinion that it is essential to the ascendancy of the white race to abridge the civil rights of the negro, and each time he shows at the core of it the old stupid confusion between civil rights and social privileges. In vain he assails the phantom: it is as if Her Majesty's fleet should open fire upon a fogbank. Riddled for the hundredth time, it stalks away "as the air invulnerable." But although Mr. Cable is no match for the deaf adder of race prejudice, his bold stand will no doubt inspire hundreds of thoughtful persons throughout the South with the courage of their convictions. Mr. Cable and his friends are animated by the consciousness that, as he once reminds his antagonists, they are not now "before a Congressional investigating committee that gets Republican facts from Republican witnesses and Democratic facts from Democratic witnesses, and then makes two reports"; but that they are "before the judgment seat of the world's intelligence." In this thought, with its assurance of ultimate triumph, this courageous thinker must find his consolation for the reproaches and snubs of a society that will one day build him a monument.

TWO NEAT little volumes—"Oil Painting, A Handbook for the use of Students and Schools," and "Drawing in Charcoal and Crayon"—both by Frank Fowler, and published by Cassell & Co., New York, supply a want that has long been felt by many who wish to pursue the study of art and who yet are without any adequate available instruction on the subject. The author of these useful handbooks is a well-known artist, whose portraits and ideal compositions have won deserved recognition. Mr. Fowler pursued his art-studies in Paris under Carolus Duran and Cabanel, and, since his return to New York, has been an industrious worker and frequent contributor to the exhibitions of the metropolis and other cities. Among his more important works are portraits of Mme. Modjeska, Dr. Neftel, Rev. Dr. Powers, his "Young Bacchus," and "At the Piano." With his artistic training, knowledge, and experience, Mr. Fowler is well prepared to write on the subjects embraced in these volumes, and he has performed a task for which many will be truly grateful. His object is to give just such instructions as is needed by beginners in drawing and painting, and in this he has admirably succeeded. His style is clear and simple, his arrangement natural, his knowledge accurate, and the handling of his topics easy and effective. As he writes on elementary subjects, he keeps within the limits which his plan assigns him, and never indulges in any diversions whatever. In this respect the books are models of what such treatises ought to be. Guided by such a master, any capable young person

can go forward in the study of art with pleasure and success. A mere enumeration of the topics of these volumes will show their practical value. The first contains: Material necessary for an Outfit; Studio Light; Setting the Palette; How to Mix Colors; General Directions; Still Life Studies; Values; Portrait Painting; Drapery, Lace, etc.; Manner of Painting a Portrait, Colors for flesh, hair, etc.; Landscapes and Marines; Flower Painting; Definitions of Art-Terms. The subjects of the second volume are: Charcoal and Crayon Drawing; Outfit necessary; Elementary Practice; Manner of Working; Measurement, actual and comparative; Crayon Portraits, hair, drapery, backgrounds; Charcoal and Crayon Drawing with the Point; Landscape, proportions, etc. This treatise is accompanied by eight plates which will greatly aid the student in mastering the rudiments of his art.

PROF. CRANE'S collection of "Italian Popular Tales" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is remarkable for completeness and for thoroughness of execution. For the scientific study of folk-lore, nothing could be better adapted. It is in six chapters—fairy tales (in two chapters), stories of oriental origin, legends and ghost stories, nursery tales, and stories and jests. These are selected from the various Italian collections, ranging in locality from northern Italy to Sicily; the aim seeming to have been to give the most characteristic one of each class, variants being sometimes given in general outline in connection with them, but oftener in an appendix, where in some cases they are related at length. The whole number of stories (including those related at length in the appendix) is one hundred and nine. Each story is prefaced by a brief introduction, giving its analysis or classification as a specimen of folk-lore; and the appendix, besides the variations spoken of above, contains references to other variations not only in Italian collections, but in those of other nations—referring especially to any comprehensive treatment of this particular type, as *e. g.*, Mr. Ralston's article on Cinderella in the "Nineteenth Century," November 1879. The work will therefore serve as an admirable guide and index to the general study of folk-lore. The book is as much to be commended for what it does not contain as for what it contains. Mr. Crane does not attempt to explain the stories, or account for their origin. There is no "sun-myth" or "dawn," but just a collection of tales, classified as to character, and with indications of their geographical extension, in Italy and all over the world. This is a genuine scientific treatment, such as must precede any successful inquiry into the meaning and origin of the stories. When such work as this has been done for the whole body of folk-lore—and not till then—it will be time to generalize and philosophize. We have spoken of the book as a subject of study. As a collection of stories, for children and grown-up children, it is equally admirable.

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA'S account of the Yukon exploring expedition is a work of much interest. It is entirely different from the official report of the expedition, being prepared with special reference to the needs of the general public. Under the title "Along Alaska's Great River" (Cassell) he has given a popular narrative of the entire exploration which was so successfully made under his command in the summer of 1883. Some of the material of which the volume is made up has appeared from time to

time in "Science," and is thus already familiar. The book as a whole is very readable, and the explorations of which it gives the narration are among the most important recently undertaken. Schwatka and his party crossed over from the sea-shore to the source of the Yukon, there constructed a raft, and then sailed down the river about thirteen hundred miles, of which stretch the first five hundred or thereabouts were by him for the first time explored. From the point at which the raft journey ended, less primitive means of navigation were secured, and the river was further traversed to the mouth. As the results of this exploration, we have an accurate map of the entire course of the river; and the question between the Pelly and Lewis rivers of the old Hudson Bay traders as to which of them is really to be regarded as the upper Yukon, is definitely decided in favor of the latter. According to Schwatka's measurements, the Yukon has a total length of 2044 miles, which makes it fourth among North American rivers, seventh among American rivers, and seventeenth among the rivers of the world. It is navigable for all but a few miles of its length at the source, the only obstacles interposed during its course being a few rapids, which were found, for a raft at least, to be perfectly practicable.

NOTICE must be made of two more volumes of Balzac which have been newly translated into English. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who recently issued "Le Père Goriot" in a version which has called out much deserved censure, have prepared a second volume which contains "La Duchesse de Langeais" and several shorter pieces. At the same time there comes to us a volume of "After-Dinner Stories" from the press of George J. Coombes. The translations in this volume are said to be "done into English by Myndart Verelst," and are provided with an introduction by Mr. Edgar Saltus, the author of a very readable little volume upon Balzac, and a very poor work upon pessimism. They include "Madame Firmiani" and three other sketches of about the same length. Neither of these volumes approaches the standard of accurate and faithful translation which is demanded by an author of the consequence of Balzac. The object of translating Balzac is not, we apprehend, to furnish amusement for idle novel-readers. With the great masters of literature, translation is resorted to for the purpose of bringing them within reach of persons of the class to whom they address themselves in their own language. It is done with the understanding that a certain loss is inevitable, but it should also be undertaken with a conscientious determination that this loss shall not be increased by any substitution of the translator's judgment for that of the writer himself. All books are not intended for all readers, and no literature can be in a healthy condition which insists upon a general acceptance of the standards which are justly enough upheld in the nursery. If Balzac is to be translated at all, it should be as he has written, and not as some translator or publisher thinks he ought to have written.

THE unsophisticated critic whose novel-reading has been select rather than extensive, and who happens to be unaware of the passion of London critics for discovering the American novelist or poet of the future, will turn with keen interest to Mr. Edward King's "Fantasie in Prose" entitled "The Golden

Spike" (Ticknor & Co.), in case his eye has been first caught by the "Notices of the English Press" concerning "The Gentle Savage," a previous story by the same author. Certainly a writer who is pronounced by the London "Literary World" "quite as original" as Hawthorne, and of whom it is predicted that "it may fall to him to take up the mantle" of Turgeneff, should command our eager attention. Such a reader will rub his eyes a good many times during the perusal of this amusing, clever, slight, and somewhat newspaperish account of the "big excursion" over the Northern Pacific railway, with its perfunctory love-making, its transparent mystery, its frequently clumsy caricature of English and American travelling manners. The characters are old puppets thinly disguised. There is the pompous English earl whose daily discomfitures in his dealings with baggagemen and hotel-waiters make him the chief butt of ridicule; the grumbling countess whose only redeeming trait is her insuperable tendency to go to bed; the sentimental English heiress smitten with the voice (*vox et preterea nihil*) of the melodramatic American artist, whose vocal charm—for he has no other—the author should have represented to us by musical notation; the Anglo-American retired sea-captain whose tiresome yarns always come in at the wrong time; the self-conscious Southern gentleman whom we will not wrong by comparing him with so finished and human a study as Mr. James's Basil Ransom, *et cetera, et cetera*. By virtue of the commonplaceness of the incidents and personages and the close adherence to accuracy of minor detail, the book would be classed as realistic in the strictest sense; yet so entirely superficial are the conceptions of character that Don Quixote seems sober reality in comparison. The dialogue is generally amusing enough, and the descriptions of towns and scenery remarkably vivid; but to compare Mr. King, even in this respect, with masters like Turgeneff and Hawthorne, is something that would not have occurred to us.

MR. PEAR'S account of "The Fall of Constantinople" (Harper) does not refer to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, but by the Fourth Crusade in 1204. This strange and disastrous event is attributed by Mr. Pears to the influence of the emperor Philip, who, having married the daughter of Isaac Angelos, aspired to unite in his own person the empires of the East and the West, while avenging the deposition and blinding of his father-in-law; to the treachery of the Venetians, who had entered into a secret treaty with the Sultan of Egypt, in pursuance of which they persistently schemed to keep the crusaders out of Egypt at the same moment that they openly bargained to transport them to that country; and to the intrigues of Boniface, Marquis of Monferrat, the leader of the expedition. The events of the crusade are related, in accordance with this view, in a clear and interesting manner; and whether this particular theory is true or not—and it is still a matter of controversy in many particulars—the reader will not hesitate, from the bare narrative of events, to pronounce the capture and plunder of the eastern capital one of the most atrocious events of history. The introduction, describing the condition of the empire and analyzing the causes of its weakness, is disproportionately long, occupying more than half the book—236 pages out of 418. Neither are those chapters

so clear in arrangement and statement as the history of the crusade itself. There is a good index, but no map, and no genealogical table to explain the relationship of the numerous Comneni and Angeli who sat upon the Byzantine throne during the twelfth century. But whatever the shortcomings of the book, it has a high value, not only in narrating the event, but in setting its historical importance in a clear light.

MR. GERARD'S "The Peace of Utrecht" (Putnam) seems a bulky volume to be devoted to a single diplomatic event so distant in time as this. The importance of the treaty, however, and of the wars which led up to it, warrant a full and detailed account of the transaction, and in general the account cannot be called diffuse or ill proportioned. There are some chapters where the introductory matter is unnecessarily spun out: as, for example, in Chapter V. The principal subject of this chapter is the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and this is prefaced by a general discussion of the principles of toleration, and a history of religious persecution, both of them unnecessarily long. The just indignation of the author betrays him, too, in this chapter into some rather over-wrought rhetoric, as on page 50. In matters like these, the plain tale is more effective than any declamation. And can it be said with truth that it was *sectarianism* that "raised the cross on Calvary" and "held the poison cup to Socrates"? In the same chapter (p. 39), we find the famous cardinal's name spelt *Woolsey*. In the account of the expatriation of the Acadians (p. 289), one would have supposed that an American writer would not have repeated the traditionary lamentations and reproaches without at least referring to Mr. Parkman's complete exposure of the one-sidedness of this traditionary account. The book is, on the whole, a credit to American scholarship, and a valuable addition to our historical literature.

READERS of literary biography will find in Miss Kate Sanborn's "Vanity and Insanity of Genius" (George J. Coombes), many an anecdote none the worse for being familiar, some new ones, and some old ones which they will be glad to have recalled. The author modestly styles her little contribution to the literature of the calamities of authors, "this mosaic of quotations," and gaily places herself in the category of the vain ones with the words: "I do not believe anyone else could have done it as well." Almost anyone could have done it for himself had he thought of it,—but it is something to have thought of it, still more to have had the industry and the taste to embody the thought in a little book so seductively elegant in its make-up. The illustrations of the vanity of men of genius would have been prized by the good vicar of Wakefield to point the moral of that sermon which he professed to deem his best, and modern preachers who may be ambitious to shine upon this topic would do well to provide themselves with Miss Sanborn's little book. The conscientious reviewer is bound to say that the selected portions are better than the original, some of which—*e. g.*, the paragraph upon Dr. Johnson—betoken a chatty facility upon subjects imperfectly understood, or perfectly misunderstood, that most men find charmingly fresh in a woman. To criticize such a book would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel. It will serve the purpose of whirling away a

long winter evening or a dull journey, will be pretty to look at afterwards, and by means of the index and marginal hints anecdotes can be easily found when wanted.

THE little book containing Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's essays or talks on "Bird Ways" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) may be put on the shelf along with "Wake-Robbin" by John Burroughs, "The Maine Woods" by Thoreau, and "Birds in the Bush" by Bradford Torrey. It is born of the same spirit, and is endowed with the same fascinating qualities. "Olive Thorne," as Mrs. Miller is known to the literary world, has long been a patient and close observer of birds. She has spent days and weeks with them in their native wilds, unmindful of any discomfort and sacrifice it might cost to watch their ways and become acquainted with their peculiarities. In winter, she continues her investigations by noting the habits of birds in captivity; keeping a small colony in her study, and, while carefully attending to their wants and giving them all the freedom possible, studying their behavior under these conditions. She has thus been able to contribute many interesting facts to our knowledge of bird life, and placed her readers under additional obligation by the delightful manner in which her information is imparted.

UNDER the title of "Short Studies from Nature" (Cassell) there are collected a series of popular science sketches by various authors. They treat of such subjects as bats, flame, snow, comets, caves, etc., and are written for the laity. Like most "popular science," that contained in this volume is far from being accurate, and it has not even the redeeming quality of an attractive presentation. A chemist who finds such formulae as PO_3 for phosphoric and SO for sulphurous "acids," will not care to look much further; and the physicist will probably be satisfied as to the character of the book when he reads that "steam consists of minute globules of water dispersed through the air."

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

A NEW novel by Frank R. Stockton is shortly to be published by Scribner's Sons.

THE biography of Longfellow, by his brother Samuel, is expected to appear in February.

"LETTERS to a Daughter," a series of plain talks on practical subjects—a sort of "Timothy Titecomb's Letters" for girls—is just issued by Jansen, McClurg & Co.

MONTGOMERY's "Leading Facts of English History," and Prof. Myers's "Medieval and Modern History," are announced for immediate publication by Ginn & Company.

MR. HOWELL's amusing little farce of "The Garroters" appears in a miniature volume, with reductions of Reinhart's capital illustrations, from the press of Harper & Brothers.

AUTHORS and others interested in international copyright are to be given an opportunity to express their views to the Senate Committee to whom has been referred Senator Hawley's bill on the subject.

THE "Andover Review," that able exponent of "Progressive Orthodoxy," begins the new year with increased size, and with several important non-theological departments added to its contents. The

price of the "Review" is increased from three dollars a year to four.

LOWE's "Historical Biography of Prince Bismarck" is just published, in two volumes, by Cassell & Company. It is said to be "the first attempt yet made to supply the English-reading public with a complete historical sketch of the career of the great German statesman."

"MAJOR TENACE" has added another to the many handbooks of whist already existing. It is published by the Putnams, and its special feature is an avoidance of all discussion of principles, its contents being confined to a careful condensation of the rules for playing laid down by the best authorities.

MACMILLAN & Co. are soon to publish an edition of the works of John Morley in eight volumes, to be issued monthly, beginning with "Voltaire." This series will not include the "Life of Cobden." Mr. Morley stands to-day very much where John Stuart Mill stood in the last generation, and his writings are as well worth knowing.

DAVID MACKAY is the publisher and Mr. William Sloane Kennedy the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Poet as a Craftsman." This essay seems to be written for the purpose of showing that the time has come for poetry to outgrow metrical restraints, and adopt the manner of Whitman as the model for future composition.

THE new method of submarine warfare suggested by Captain Ericsson in his "Century" article on "Monitors" is made the subject of a pamphlet by Lieut. Wm. H. Jaques, U.S.N., which is published by the Putnams. It is entitled "Ericsson's Destroyer and Submarine Gun," and is a scientific discussion of the subject with illustrative diagrams.

THE New York Shakespeare Society will soon publish an elaborate report on the alleged Shakespeare autograph in a copy of the Second Folio, now in the possession of C. F. Gunther of Chicago. The report will be illustrated with photographs of the various signatures, memoranda, marginal corrections, coats of arms, etc., which have accumulated upon the ancient volume, besides several photographic studies, comparative and composite, of the signature itself.

MR. WALTER PATER's exquisite "Marius, the Epicurean" has been reproduced by the Macmillans in a single volume, which is prepared in the well-known style of their tasteful editions of Arnold and Kingsley. In this entirely satisfactory and inexpensive form it will address hundreds of new readers, who cannot fail to be delighted, in proportion to the fineness of their perceptions, with its perfect workmanship and high ideals. It is one of the books that are made to live as long as the language in which they are written.

JANSEN, MCCLURG & Co. will soon publish "Specimens of English Prose Style," by George Saintsbury, a work which has recently appeared in London, and has been uncommonly well received. The "Athenæum" says that in it Mr. Saintsbury "is seen at his best. The selection is comprehensive and well made; the annotations are always intelligent, and are sometimes as good as such things can be; the introduction, an essay on the nature and development of English prose style, is in the author's happiest vein." The American edition of the work will be made from the English plates, but on paper specially chosen.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

JANUARY, 1886.

Agatized Wood of Arizona. *Popular Science Monthly*.
 American History, A New Field of. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
 Army of the Potomac. W. H. Mills. *Mag. Am. Hist.*
 Astronomy, Popular. E. S. Holden. *Dial*.
 Buckland, Frank. *Popular Science Monthly*.
 Bull Run, Second Battle of. John Pope. *Century*.
 Canada. Charles G. D. Roberts. *Century*.
 Chinese Labor. H. Shewin. *Overland*.
 Church in America, The. Canon Farrar. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Chinese Riot in Wyoming. A. A. Sargent. *Overland*.
 Communal Societies. Charles Morris. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Cornwallis's Surrender. John Fiske. *Atlantic*.
 Devonshire, Winter in. Lucie C. Lillie. *Harper's*.
 Dogs, Typical—Pointers. *Century*.
 European Republicans. W. J. Linton. *Century*.
 Feathered Forns. E. W. Shufeldt. *Century*.
 Feet, Physiology of the. T. S. Ellis. *Pop. Science Monthly*.
 Fish out of Water. Grant Allen. *Pop. Science Monthly*.
 Floating Islands, Cruise among the. *Overland*.
 Flower or Leaf. Mary Putnam-Jacobi. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Fort Donelson. W. F. Smith. *Mag. Am. History*.
 Garrison, William Lloyd. *Atlantic*.
 Germans before Paris. Archibald Forbes. *Harper's*.
 Greek Art, Lesson of. Charles Waldstein. *Century*.
 Hendricks, Thomas A. James W. Gerard. *Mag. Am. Hist.*
 Human Species, Varieties of. W. H. Flower. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Hybridization, Recent Experiments. C. Barnard. *Century*.
 Hydrophobia, Inoculation for. L. Pasteur. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Lost Journals of a Pioneer. *Overland*.
 Militia and Army. George B. McClellan. *Harper's*.
 Money, Origin of Primitive. *Popular Science Monthly*.
 Music, A National Conservatory of. *Century*.
 Napoleon, Ropes's Life of. T. A. Dodge. *Dial*.
 Natural Heirship. Henry Kendall. *Popular Science Mo.*
 Naturalist, A, in the Tropics. Geo. C. Noyes. *Dial*.
 Negroes of North Carolina, Free. *Atlantic*.
 New Year's, Origin and Observances of. *Mag. Am. History*.
 Nonconformity. Herbert Spencer. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
 Oil. George R. Gibson. *Harper's*.
 Persia, Domestic and Court Customs of. *Harper's*.
 Phœdrias, The Art of. F. W. Kelsey. *Dial*.
 Poetry, Recent. Wm. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Portfolio, The New. O. W. Holmes. *Atlantic*.
 Preaching for Our Times. Edward Hungerford. *Century*.
 Relations of Things. Eliza A. Youmans. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Revere, Paul. *Magazine American History*.
 Science in Its Useful Applications. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
 Shakespeare, A Pall-Bearer of. M. D. Conway. *Harper's*.
 Shiloh Campaign, The. P. T. Beauregard. *No. Am. Review*.
 Slavery in America. John A. Logan. *Mag. Am. History*.
 Steadman's Poets of America. *Atlantic*.
 Teheran. S. G. W. Benjamin. *Century*.
 Tornado—Prediction. W. A. Eddy. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
 Ursulines, Voyage of. A. McF. Davis. *Overland*.
 Verdi, The Composer. Frederick A. Schwab. *Century*.
 Washington's First Campaign. T. J. Chapin. *M. Am. Hist.*
 Washington Territory, Autumn in. *Overland*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and Foreign, received during the month of December by MESSRS. JANSEN, MCCLURG & CO., Chicago.]

HISTORY—BIOGRAPHY.

Colonial New York. Philip Schuyler and his Family. By G. W. Schuyler. 2 vols., 8vo. Gilt tops. C. Scribner's Sons. *Net*, \$10.00.
Italy and her Invaders. 476—533. By Thos. Hodgkin. Illustrations and Maps. 8vo. Vols. III and IV. Clarendon Press, Oxford. *Net*, \$9.00.
The Dawn of the XIXth Century in England. A Social Sketch of the Times. By John Ashton. With numerous illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo Gilt tops. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.00.
The City of Washington. Its Origin and Administration. By J. A. Porter. 8vo, pp. 68. Paper. Johns Hopkins University Studies. 50 cents.
The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and the Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell. Illustrated with portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Edited by Henry Morley. To be completed in five volumes, 8vo. Vol. IV now ready. Geo. Routledge & Sons. Per vol., *net*, \$3.50.
Anecdotes of General U. S. Grant. Illustrating his Military and Political Career and his Personal Traits. By J. L. Ringwalt. 18mo, pp. 118. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents.
Charles Darwin. By G. Allen. "English Worthies." Edited by A. Lang. 18mo, pp. 206. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.

TRAVEL—SPORTING.

Japanese Homes, and Their Surroundings. By E. S. Morse. With numerous illustrations. Large 8vo, pp. 372. Ticknor & Co. \$5.00.

Through Spain. A Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the Peninsula. By S. P. Scott. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. 349. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5.00.

Choson. The Land of the Morning Calm. A Sketch of Korea. By Percival Lowell. Illustrated from photographs by the author. Large 8vo, pp. 412. Ticknor & Co. \$5.00.

Windsor. A description of the Castle, Park, Town, and Neighborhood. By W. J. Loftie. With 12 beautiful Etchings and numerous Woodcuts. Folio, pp. 91. Gilt edges. London. \$7.50.

Along Alaska's Great River. A popular account of the Travels of the Alaska Exploring Expedition of 1883, along the great Yukon river, in the British North-West Territory, and in the Territory of Alaska. By F. Schwatka. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 300. Cassell & Co. \$3.00.

The Greek Islands, and Turkey after the War. By H. M. Field, D.D. 12mo, pp. 228. C. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Thackeray's London. His Haunts and the Scenes of his Novels. By W. H. Rideing. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 103. Gilt edges. Cupples, Upham & Co. \$1.50.

Fishing. By H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. With contributions from others. 2 vols. Illustrated. "The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes." Edited by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., assisted by A. E. T. Watson. Little, Brown & Co. \$7.00.

ESSAYS, BELLES-LETTRES, ETC.

Letters to a Daughter. With a Little Sermon to School Girls. By Mrs. Helen E. Starrett. 18mo. Jansen, McClurg & Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Thomas Carlyle's Works. The *Ashburton Edition*. To be completed in 17 vols. 8vo. Vol. VI—Cromwell's Letters and Speeches in 3 vols. Vol. I. J. B. Lippincott Co. English cloth, uncut, or cloth, paper title, gilt top. Each, per vol., \$2.50.

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and R. W. Emerson. 1834—1872. Supplementary Letters. 16mo, pp. 80. Ticknor & Co. \$1.00.

Steele. Selections from The Tatler, Spectator and Guardian. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by A. Dobson. 18mo, pp. 504. The Clarendon Press, Oxford. Cloth, *net*, \$1.25; vellum, *net*, \$1.90.

Victor Hugo's Works. Illustrated. 6 vols., 12mo. Geo. Routledge & Sons. \$8.00.

The English Illustrated Magazine. 1884—1885. Profusely illustrated. Large 8vo, pp. 817. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

The Vanity and Insanity of Genius. By Kate Sanborn. 18mo, pp. 198. Gilt top. G. J. Coombes. \$1.25.

The Great Poets as Religious Teachers. By J. H. Morison. 16mo, pp. 200. Gilt top. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

Roadside Songs of Tuscany. Translated and illustrated by Francesca Alexander, and edited by John Ruskin, LL.D. Complete in ten parts, with 20 illustrations. 8vo, pp. 340. \$3.50.

Danger Signals. The Enemies of Youth, from the Business Man's Standpoint. By Rev. F. E. Clark. 16mo, pp. 192. Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.

The Knight and the Lady. A Domestic Legend of the Reign of Queen Anne. By Thomas Ingoldsby. With the Letters and Illustrations of E. M. Jessop. Folio. London. \$3.00.

After-Dinner Stories from Balaac. Done into English by M. Verelst. With an Introduction by E. Salts. 18mo, pp. 223. G. J. Coombes. \$1.25.

Marius the Epicurean. His Sensations and Ideas. By W. Fater, M.A. 16mo, pp. 422. London. \$2.25.

What We Really Know About Shakespeare. By Mrs. C. H. Dall. 16mo, pp. 204. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.

The Shakespearean Myth. William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan, A.M., LL.B. Second edition. 12mo, pp. 342. R. Clarke & Co. \$2.00.

Time Flies: A Reading Diary. By Christina G. Rossetti. 18mo, pp. 340. Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

The Poet as a Craftsman. By W. S. Kennedy. Paper. D. McKay. 25 cents.

The Infant Philosopher. Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal. By T. S. Verdi, M.D. Ford, Howard, & Hubert. Vellum paper covers, 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

ART.

History of Painting. From the German of the late Dr. A. Woltmann and Dr. Karl Woermann. Vol. II. The Painting of the Renaissance, translated by Clara Bell. Profusely illustrated. Large 8vo, pp. 703. Gilt top. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$12.50.

The Art of the Old English Potter. By L. M. Solon. Illustrated by the author. 8vo, pp. 200. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.25.

Etching. An Outline of its Technical Processes and its History, with some remarks on Collections and Collecting. By S. R. Koehler. Illustrated by thirty plates by old and modern etchers and numerous reproductions in the text. Folio, pp. 228. Gilt top. Cassell & Co. Net, \$20.00.

American Etchings. A Collection of twenty Original Etchings. By Moran, Parrish, Ferres, Smillie, and others. With Descriptive Text and Biographical Matter. By S. R. Koehler and others. Folio. Estes & Lauriat. \$15.00.

The edition is limited to 350 copies.

Tried by Fire. A work on China-Painting. By S. S. Frackelton. With numerous illustrations, in black and colors. Quarto, pp. 110. D. Appleton & Co. \$6.00

POETRY—THE DRAMA.

The Humble Poets. A Collection of Newspaper and Periodical Verse, 1270 to 1885. By Sisson Thompson. 8mo, pp. 400. Gilt top. Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

Tiresias, and Other Poems. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., F.R.S. 8mo, pp. 204. London. \$1.50.

Old Lines in New Black and White. Lines from Lowell, Holmes, Whittier. With illustrations by F. H. Smith. Elephant folio. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$12.00.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. Dramatic and Later Poems. 8mo, pp. 209. London. \$2.00.

Life's Verses. Illustrated by H. W. McVicker and others. Small 4to, pp. 88. Fancy boards. Mitchell & Miller. \$1.50.

Poems of W. W. Story. 2 vols. 8mo. Gilt tops. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

The Poems of Henry Abbey. New and enlarged edition. 8mo, pp. 256. Published by the author. \$1.25.

The Thought of God. In Hymns and Poems. By F. L. Hooper and W. C. Gannett. 8mo, pp. 135. Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

Verses. By Francis A. Hillard. 8mo, pp. 145. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

The Thankless Muse. By H. A. Beers. 8mo, pp. 133. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Poems of the Old Days and the New. By Jean Ingelow. 8mo, pp. 229. Gilt top. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.

The Two Voices. Poems of the Mountains and the Sea. Selected by J. W. Chadwick. 8mo, pp. 209. H. B. Nims & Co. \$1.00.

The Tennyson Birthday Book. Edited by Emily Shakespear. Pp. 277. London. 75 cents.

The Garroters. Farce. By W. D. Howells. Pp. 90. Harper & Bros. 50 cents.

Love Made to Order, and Other Comedies. By Francis Gelatly. 8mo, pp. 64. \$1.00.

REFERENCE—EDUCATIONAL.

A New English Dictionary. On Historical Principles. Founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by J. A. H. Murray, LL.D. With the assistance of many scholars and men of science. Part II. Ant-Batten. Large quarto Paper. Macmillan & Co. Net, \$3.35.

Tabular Book-keeping. A System of Keeping Accounts by Tabulation. Greatly simplifying the work and reducing the labor. Being a new departure from all preceding systems. By J. R. Paddock. Quarto. R. Clarke & Co. \$3.00.

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